

From a phrase of Cavavy

You'll always end up in this city,
familiar cunt. Your whore
holds out

for promise so
you promise her more

money. Your same trousers
on the same chair, you lazily
reach for your wallet.

The bills, at least, are new.
They cut your fingers.

You are, believe it or not, alive
in this muffled room,
day, week, month, century.

With guts, you'll leave,
and keep it in your pants
as a valid convention.

Love's an invention, Slug.
So get off your ass 'n
invent something!